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For the Companion.

"BOOBOOP."

One day in October, of the year 1859, the blacks of a native tribe, called the Parnkallas, made an attack on the sheep "run" of a "bush" farm owned by Mr. Edward Mavers, in South Australia. They killed two of the shepherds, and drove off several hundred head of sheep.

As the attack was made at nightfall, the darkness effectually covered the retreat of the savages, who had at once made off with their booty. Early the following morning, however, Mr. Mavers called in a detail of the native policemen, and in company with several of his neighbors, set off with the determination of inflicting a severe chastisement upon the blacks, who had, of late, committed several other outrages.

The party was well armed and well mounted. The native police, it should be remarked, is made up of blacks from the more civilized tribes, who in this capacity, show uncommon zeal.

Mavers and his party had little difficulty in striking the trail of the marauders. But during the night the savages had got a long start; and after getting out on the "desert," they had set fire to the "scrub" and bunch-grass, leaving a terrible conflagration raging in their rear.

Often the pursuing party was obliged to make wide detours to avoid the flames. It was late in the day before they reached the first camping place of the natives, and from here they had already departed, leaving behind only the scorched pelts and blackened bones of a score of the stolen sheep.

A few hundred yards beyond the scene of this barbarous feast, one of the men saw a singular object bounding away on all fours, and making for cover in a thicket of she-oaks, farther on. Beside it ran one of the black children.

Two of the troopers instantly rode after the fugitives. Mavers himself followed them. On coming near the objects of pursuit, the curious quadruped was discovered to be an old man, too decrepit to run erect. His legs and arms were strangely thin and shrivelled, and his nearly naked body was covered with curly hair, which had turned a white grey with age.

The hair upon his head was white as wool, and hung in tangled ropes, brushing the ground as he ran; and piteously like an animal he held one of the half-gnawed ribs of mutton in his teeth.

But though so infirm and attenuated, this miserable old creature contrived to get over the ground at an astonishing pace, and gained the edge of the thicket in advance of the two horsemen. When the men pushed aside the trailing leaves, however, both the old savage and the child, were discovered crouching beneath one of the thick grass-trees.

Thus brought to bay, the poor old creature began to beg pitiably, crying out repeatedly,—

"Me very good man! Me no murdee!"

But the black troopers had no faith in his being a good man, and instantly, I am sorry to say, killed him. One of them raised his carbine to shoot the child, when Mavers coming up, interposed, and ordered her life to be spared.

As they drew her out from under the grass-tree, her coal-black eyes dilated with terror, but she still held fast her fire-stick, which smoked and crackled faintly, and also a skull, which had served them as a drinking cup.

Afterwards it was learned that the old man was the child's grandfather. She was, as Mavers thinks, about twelve years old, and was clad simply in the skin of an emu, from which fully half the feathers had dropped out, giving the child much the appearance of a barn fowl while shedding its feathers.

To prevent her from running away, she was tied to a sapling with a stout piece of rope. The men then continued the pursuit after the main body of the savages, whom however, they were unable to overtake.

On their return several hours later, the girl was found as they had left her. She had not been idle, as the tattered, and at one place nearly severed rope testified. Either with her teeth, or with the jagged edges of the skull, this animal-like little creature had been making a sturdy effort to get free.

"BOOBOOP."

Mavers had her lashed to the saddle of one of his men, and she was thus taken to his farm.

Here fresh perils awaited her. The dogs, though submissive enough to the whites, instantly set upon the child, and she was only rescued from them after she had received several vicious bites. A badger could scarcely have been an object of greater antipathy with the whole pack.

During all these alarms the little savage never cried out, nor shed a tear, but would struggle smartly. She stared at everything and every body, with great round eyes that seemed never to wink.

The black troopers, who understood the language—if such it can be termed—of the Parnkallas, repeatedly put the question, "*Audi-indoo-youre?*" "What is your name?" But to them the child maintained a sullen silence.

Mr. Mavers put the same question, a day or two afterwards, and she replied, "*Booboop,*" considerably to his astonishment, for this was the first word she had spoken.

Thenceforward it was plain that the girl recognized him as her preserver, while she regarded the black troopers with aversion. Indeed, the expression of her eye when she was not frightened, was neither stolid nor brutal, but rather cunning and alert. Her head, though of the native type, was yet well shaped, and large for the size of her body.

Mr. Mavers was acquainted with an English lady at Adelaide, named Moreton. Mrs. Moreton was a woman of culture, and an earnest Christian. She had become greatly interested in the Australian blacks, and was seeking to establish missions among them.

It occurred to Mr. Mavers to send little Booboop to Mrs. Moreton, and he immediately resolved to do so, partly as a joke, and partly from a desire to see whether anything really could be made of her,—a point on which he had his doubts.

The girl was accordingly forwarded to Adelaide in a bullock dray, together with a letter giving the details of her capture, and concluding with an exhortation to make a good Christian of her.

In due time Mrs. Moreton received both letter and child, and far from resenting the joke, set at work with true motherly kindness to teach and train Booboop in the ways of civilization and the truths of Christianity. No doubt her patience was severely tested. The little monkey was first divested of her emu skin, washed—no small undertaking—and arrayed in civilized garb.

Then began the task of educating her. In pursuance of her missionary scheme, Mrs. Moreton had already made herself conversant with some portion of the native tongue.

Booboop was taught the English names of all common objects. Her own queer, heathenish name was changed to Ellen. She learned the English alphabet with no great difficulty, and could soon read words of one syllable in an English primer.

The difficulty lay in understanding what a sentence meant, when worded. She could not seem to comprehend any save the shortest sentences, and to do even this, was obliged to run the words all into one.

Her mind was not like that of an English child, and while she learned little things as quick or even quicker, she lacked capacity for higher development. She could not go on to reason from one thing to another with much certainty.

This fact, which good Mrs. Moreton was very slow to admit, was seen in her learning to count. No English child could have learned to count up to five more readily; but there she stopped. It was impossible for her to learn to count higher than seven.

In her own language there were but two distinct names for numbers, *carnboo*, one, and *vengeroo*, two To say three, she said *vengeroo vor carnboo* (two and one). Four was *vengeroo vor vengeroo* (two and two); and five was *vengeroo vor vengeroo vor carnboo* (two and two and one), and so on.

One can easily see that to pronounce the word twenty in the native tongue would be a tedious business. The blacks never have occasion to use so lofty a numeral.

I speak of these things in detail, because so many good missionaries, who have devoted their lives to civilize and Christianize savage tribes, have met with bitter disappointment, and failed to accomplish what they hoped. They have expected too much.

The mind of the lower races of man is a weak, feeble thing, which lacks, at the outset, the capacity for high education. Cultivation must be continued through many generations, so that the savage intellect may have time to grow. The broad culture of the European of to-day dates back to the time when the Aryan race first left the plateaus of Thibet.

I wish that I were able to say that Mrs. Moreton made Booboop, or Ellen, in conduct and in habits all that she desired; but I cannot. The child's progress, however, was far from reflecting discredit to herself or her kind patron.

Within two years she had learned to sew, and assisted in the making of her own clothes. She was an adept at threading exceedingly fine needles, for her eyesight was amazingly keen. Sewing, indeed, was the accomplishment in which she succeeded best.

In the preparation of food, or the performance of kitchen work, her ideas were perilously wild. Once during her fourth year with Mrs. Moreton, that good lady, returning from an afternoon visit, found Ellen busily engaged toasting a spiderful of tadpoles, obtained with infinite patience from a slough in the suburbs of the town.

On another occasion an investigation of her dress pocket, disclosed nearly a pint of dried grub worms, the fleshy white caterpillar of a large moth, common in Australia. These she had dug out of decayed logs, in some of her rambles outside the city, and was in the habit of eating one now and then, as a white child does a peppermint, munching it with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

It is needless to say that these little relapses into barbarism were bitter disappointments to Mrs. Moreton; and it is to be feared that the child was censured and punished far too severely.

In saying the Lord's Prayer at night, which had been early taught her, the little black could never get over a strong tendency to burst into a laugh at the last word, though constantly reproved and once whipped.

As a result of all this, perhaps, Ellen at length fell into a kind of sullen, intractable mood, and at sixteen or seventeen appeared rather stupid than otherwise, with an inclination to speak angrily at times.

Determined to subdue these faults, Mrs. Moreton confined her to her room for the largest part of each day, and compelled her to sew steadily. It was during the second week of this reformatory discipline that the girl was one day missed. Search was made. She was nowhere to be found. Afterwards it was conjectured that she had run away with a party of three or four blacks that had been seen in the streets a few days before. At any rate, she was never seen in Adelaide again.

When Mr. Mavers heard of the result of Ellen's education he laughed heartily. He was even unfeeling enough to tell Mrs. Moreton that it was just what he had expected, and that he hoped she was now cured of her desire to attempt to civilize the blacks.

Five or six years passed. The increase of Mr. Mavers' flocks made it necessary for him to locate new pastures; and in company with two of his neighbor farmers, he made a trip further into the interior.

Late one afternoon, as they were riding through the "scrub," in the hope of coming out to a small river which would afford water for their night camp, they unexpectedly emerged upon a *gunyio*, or encampment of the blacks. In fact, as Mr. Mavers tells us, they rode right into it before they saw it.

The savages, who were squatting around their fire, roasting a wombat, leaped to their feet with a loud shout, and seized their weapons. The three horsemen pulled up, and hurriedly unslung their carbines.

A bloody affray seemed unavoidable. But before a spear could be thrown, one of the "gins," or native women, ran forward towards the whites, dancing about in the queerest way, and crying out,—

"Mithtee Mather! You Mithtee Mather!" (Mr. Mavers) "Me Booboop! me Ellen! One, two, three, four, five! One, two, three, four, five! No killee! No shootee!"

"Is that really you, Booboop, you monkey!" Mr. Mavers called out in astonishment.

"Yith, me Booboop, me Ellen! One, two, three, four, five! Mithee Moton! Our Farthee who are in heffen! No shootee! No murdee!"

And by way of enforcing her peace policy, the energetic creature flew at one of the black men like a tigress, wrenched his spear from him, and threw it away.

This timely recognition, led to a parley, and

the conclusion was that instead of a fight, the whites passed the night at the *gunyio*, and shared in the wombat.

Mavers says that the blacks of this encampment were much better clad, and that their huts were cleaner than any he had previously seen. Booboop, he further testifies, was dressed in a garment of grass cloth, which "looked considerably like a gown," and that she was "neat as a pin," and came near "eating him up with kindnesses."

When he asked her why she ran away, she replied,—

"Too much sowee. Too much housee."

She was now mistress of a house of her own, and was the mother of three children, whom Mavers says were "scrubbed clean as little cats," and very decently dressed in frocks of opossum skin.

It was furthermore evident that all the other "gins" of the *gunyio* were imitators of Booboop.

So who shall say that good Mrs. Moreton's lessons were thrown away? Not I, at least; for it is my belief that a good deed, sincerely done, was never yet lost in all this wicked world, but will somewhere turn up, making somebody happier and better.

For the Companion.

LUKE'S LOAD OF HAY.

The affair which I am going to relate happened some years ago, in an ancient fishing-town on the coast of New England.

The boys of this place were rude fellows, with an unreasonable and half-savage antipathy to strangers, upon whom they vented their dislike as often as they appeared among them, by catcalls, and hootings, and not infrequently by showers of "stones."

It was really a serious matter for strange boys to enter the town, for it was almost certain that they would be attacked and roughly treated, and there is more than one case on record, of fights between the young ruffians of Marlow and the lads of neighboring towns, that ended seriously for both parties.

One fine September day, towards evening, a laughing group of these same quarrelsome urchins spied in the distance a load of hay slowly advancing along one of the village streets. The load was drawn by a yoke of oxen, and the driver was a brown-faced, white-haired boy, whose simple appearance marked him as an easy subject for insulting fun.

Instantly signs of intelligence passed among the mischief-makers, and in a moment more the group was reinforced by half-a-dozen other boys, who seemed to rise out of the ground; but strangely enough, not a hoot was uttered, nor a stone thrown. The boy with the hay came on in peace.

The streets of the town are very narrow, and often steep, and in places they are so crooked that new-comers are likely to get most ludicrously bewildered in trying to follow them.

Seated on the nearest fence, the town boys, to the number of a dozen or more, awaited the approach of the young rustic and his hay-wagon, in solemn and ominous silence. He came on, staring about him with a perplexed look, and presently stopped his oxen.

"Say you!" he called out to the boys on the fence. "Is this the way to Hinckley's Tavern?"

"Hinckley's Tavern!" cried the whole group together, and most of them tumbled off their seats with roars of laughter,—for Hinckley's Tavern was a mile the other side of the town.

The questioner at first looked red, and fumbled his driving-stick in awkward embarrassment. Then he grew angry.

The ring-leader of the boys, perceiving this, got down and said to his companions,—

"Hold up, can't yer? Of course it's the way to Hinckley's." Then approaching the driver, he asked, "D'ye want to go there?"

"Yes," was the eager reply. "I'd like to get rid of this load of hay 'fore night."

"Then come along,—I'll show yer," cried the boy. Then, winking to his companions, he continued, "Right ahead here, and round the first corner into Parsons Street. There's where Hinckley lives."

"Hurrah for Hinckley on Parsons Street!" yelled the boys, and broke into another roar of laughter.

The confused driver put his team in motion, and before and behind the cart the noisy crowd trooped on, fairly dancing with mischievous delight.

Parsons Street was the most crooked in the town, and it grew narrower as it went on, until it finally ended at a cliff of solid stone, beyond which was the sea. The boys were gradually conducting the unsuspecting farmer lad into a trap.

More than once he stopped short, as if suspecting some trick; but as often he was induced to start again by the ingenious leader of the gang.

As they went on, every house they passed looked poorer and older than the last, and more directly in the way, and the road grew all the time rougher, and crookeder and narrower. The load of hay began actually to brush the fences and dwellings on either side.

Cross women rushed out to scold the driver, and crosser dogs barked around the oxen's heels. The poor farmer boy began to be really terrified.

"O, go 'long," shouted the others. "Go 'long, till the next turn, then you're all right!"

The next turn! The road was *all* turn, for aught that he could see. But urged and pushed by his tormentors, he kept on, until a rickety old house, jutting almost into the street at one of the narrow windings, caught the soft load, and wedged between that and the opposite tree, it stuck fast.

Men, women and children rushed out, and set upon poor Luke the driver, scolding and clamoring like so many crows. The boy stood and stared in helpless perplexity and anger.

He saw no way to get out of his predicament. He could not go on. He could not make his beasts back up the hill. Once he caught sight of his chief tormentor standing in the doorway of the old house that had stopped him, but the exultant rascal laughed and dodged out of the way.

No person present seemed sensible enough to extricate the victim from his difficulties, or cool enough to hear any explanations. Everybody shouted, and asked questions, and threatened, and poured a chorus of abuses upon helpless Luke.

At length some one called out that the hay must be unloaded. Men from neighboring streets began to arrive at the scene, and one of them happened to be the local constable.

It was now almost dark, and Luke's situation was miserable enough. Distressed for the danger to the property in his charge, he was trembling by this time for his own safety, too.

The *gamins* who had trapped him darted shrieking round the cart, calling, "Ho, here's Hinckley's Tavern!" and mingling with the crowd, succeeded in starting a fight. A man climbing the load to help throw off the hay, was hit by a stone, and shouted angrily to the constable to "arrest that boy!"

The constable, confused by the tumult and darkness, grabbed Luke roughly by the collar, without stopping to make sure whether he was "that boy" or some one else.

"I ain't to blame!" screamed the unlucky farmer-lad, struggling to get away. "It's them fellows that cheated me, and told me to drive into"—

A louder uproar drowned Luke's voice, and with furious exclamations two men leaped off the cart almost upon the heads of the constable and his prisoner.

Just then a bright glare shot into the sky, accompanied by smoke. Some one of the boys had put a lighted match to the hay! It burned with astonishing rapidity. In a few moments the whole load was a mass of flame.

The people made wild dashes at the wagon to draw it back from the house, but their efforts were vain. The blazing load was immovable.

Only one man had the courage and presence of mind to hastily unyoke the oxen and set them free. A few minutes more, and the old house was burning in half-a-dozen places.

By this time the town bells began ringing the alarm. All Parsons Street was in imminent danger, if not the whole town. The weather had been dry for a long time, and the breeze blew in from the sea. A hundred hands were throwing water, but their labor did nothing to stay the flames.

The engines came thundering and clattering down; but the street was so narrow that much time was lost before they could reach the fire.

Meantime the officer, called off by greater matters, had quitted his hold upon Luke, and the lad, half wild with terror, crept through a hole in the board fence which protected a sort of side yard to the burning house. He jumped down some rocks towards a lower street, amid a shower of sparks, and in his flight turned a sharp corner, and found himself in a brightly-lighted garden-patch, with two or three very small sheds on the further side.

In the very centre of this garden stood an old man with a bucket in his hand, pale as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf from head to foot. He was hatless and shoeless, and the yellow glare of the fire streaming full upon him, made him look like a spectre.

His lips moved, and Luke heard him groan, and mutter,—

"The powder! the powder! O, Lord, forgive us! O, Lord, protect us!"

"Powder! Where is it?" cried the boy, forgetting for the moment everything but the present danger.

"It's mine," said the old man, "and it's stored over there in that shed with the hole in the door. They'd put me in jail if they knew I had it, but I got it cheap, and I marked it 'Herrings,' and brought it home in the night. O, dear! and now it'll blow up the town, and kill all the people! O, Lord, save us,—make it rain! See the fire come down! O, it's ketched! It's ketched!"

It was true,—the shed was burning a little on the roof. Here was peril indeed. With a feeling of desperation that he had never known before, Luke leaped towards the building, crying,—

"Bring me water from the well there! Get that tin kettle! Hurry! Hurry!"

Running upon the roof, he stripped off his coat, and with the garment in his hands succeeded in smothering the small flames. But now several houses were on fire. Sparks and embers were flying everywhere in the hot air about him, and fell upon the dry shingles and kindled new flames faster than he could extinguish them.

The shed seemed doomed, but Luke the farmer-boy, parched with heat, and every moment increasing his risk of life by a horrible explosion, fought the fire with fierce and reckless courage. He drenched his jacket in every pailful of water that the trembling old man brought him, and beat it about him on the burning roof, and threw the rest of the liquid in splashes upon the flames.

All this time he was shouting, "Help! help! powder! powder!"

"*Don't* holler powder," shrieked the old man, above the noise; "they'll put me in prison! It's agen the law to have it here!"

But Luke paid no attention, and backwards and forwards the wretched old man trotted, shaking the sparks from his shoulders, and growing weaker and weaker with fright. The upper part of the shed was now fairly in a blaze. The hen-coops had already gone, and a pig-sty in the next yard was beginning to smoke.

"If a spark *should* get at the powder," thought Luke; and he lifted up his voice once more, and shrieked for "help,—help,—help!" but in the turmoil his voice was no more audible than the chirp of a bird.

"O, dear! will no one hear me?" thought he, half fainting with exhaustion and distress.

There was a large tenement-house just in the rear of the garden that must certainly go to pieces if the fire caught the powder. Many people were even now in the house, darting to and fro, carrying out goods.

"It'll blow up in a minute! Run, boy,—run, I tell ye!" screamed the panic-stricken old man; and he threw down his pail and fled in the smoke.

"Help! help!" cried Luke once more. "*There's powder here!*"

He felt one of the boards giving way under him. At the same instant a dizziness seized him; he cried once more,—

"Help! *Powder!* POWDER!"

His dress caught fire. He did not have strength to extinguish it. But now he heard some one answer his cry, and saw a blanched face appear and suddenly disappear at one of the windows of the tenement-house, and other voices shrieked,—

"Powder! Powder!"

Just as he was falling, and had thrown up his arms in a last endeavor to shield his face from the flames, he dimly knew that a crowd of men came pouring down into the yard, bringing hose with them, and calling upon him to leap. He felt the blow of the water upon his shoulders, and its cold spray upon his face, and then he sank down unconscious.

When he awoke, the fire was over, and he found himself surrounded by kindly and gentle faces. His bravery and faithful service at the place of danger, and all the story of his misfortune through the dastardly trick played upon him by the boys of the town had been told. This, together with the injuries he had received, created universal sympathy for him, and indignation at his persecutors.

The head Selectman, learning the facts, had caused him to be conveyed to his own house, and tenderly cared for. The poor boy's face and limbs were badly burned, and he must lie a good while under constant nursing before he could be moved. It would be a wonder, they said, if he recovered without serious scars.

The indignation awakened in the town against Luke's tormentors did not die with its first expression. The sight of the blackened ruins of burned houses, and the keen sense of the unprovoked injury and damage committed, were enough to keep alive full long the detestation of every good citizen at the crime and meanness of the authors.

Before Luke recovered sufficiently to be carried home, the authorities had succeeded in finding the leaders. They were arrested and punished, and a fruitful source of disgrace to the community was effectually put away. The injured farm-boy was looked upon by the citizens as a public benefactor.

For the Companion.

INFLUENCE.

The limit of life is brief:
'Tis the red in the red-rose leaf;
'Tis the gold in the sunset sky;
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
Yet we may fill the space
With such an infinite grace
That the red will vein all time,
The gold through the ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the lilies of God's own gate.

MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

For the Companion.

THE BROKEN MALLET.

By Alma.

"O, Miss Dent! you moved my ball."

"I beg your pardon; I don't think I moved the ball."

"O, but you did, with your dress," continued the first speaker, her cheeks flushed with excitement, "as you stooped a little,—just enough to make it come in line, and I shall be croquetted."

"But my dress is hardly long enough to do that mischief," said Miss Dent, smiling a little.

"But I'm quite sure you did."

"O, if you saw it, of course I cannot question your word," said graceful Jessie Dent. "What is the rule, as applied to such an accident, Mr. Harington?"

"I don't know exactly, not having the book at hand, but I believe the person so offending forfeits one play," answered the tall young man.

"Very well; I'll stand back, then, and Emily can put her ball where it will be safe. Is that satisfactory enough, Emily?"

"O, plenty, thank you," said the girl, her cheeks now aflame, for she had caught a glance from Will Harington that sent the blood like fire to her face.

She played, however, with her usual skill, and won the game, as she generally did, but at what an expense of honor she had not seriously thought, till she caught Will's eye, as Jessie gave up her chance.

In vain she tried to feel her old interest in the balls; it was all gone. She knew she had needed but that one stroke to bring her out victor, and to get it she had sacrificed the truth.

It was a moonlight party. The vivid shadows made by the gables and outlines of the house fell black and picturesque below the eaves, but did not reach the lawn. In the clear, silvery radiance every little leaf, every spear of the short grass showed distinctly, and the pretty faces and white dresses of the girls lost nothing by the softened tone it gave them.

"Won't you play another game, Miss Emily?" asked Will Harington, as he idly knocked the balls about.

"No, thank you; Cousin Jenny will take my place. Come here, Jenny. The black ball is mine."

"If it would only give me your luck," said the girl, glad to take part in the game from which her elders had excluded her.

"You must watch your cousin very closely, to be as expert as she is," said Will, apportioning the balls.

His words were quite capable of the most innocent interpretation, but yet of the worst. It struck Emily's conscience and hurt her.

"I know what he means," she said to herself, angrily. "He might have spared me that. Ever since he has been here he has acted upon the advice he has just given Jenny. He does watch me. I never was so watched in my life. It makes me wretched. I shall be glad when he has gone."

She made a pretty picture, seated on the lower step, her white dress circling about her slight figure, her eyes watching the unclouded heavens; but she was hurt and angry.

"I did think once that her dress touched my ball," she said, still talking to her own heart, "but I need not have been so sure;" and then another voice coming up from the recesses of conscience, said, softly, "but you *knew* it did not touch your ball, and you were unjust to her and untrue to yourself."

Presently the merry voices and the click of the balls jarred on her mood, and she rose from her lowly seat and slowly sauntered across the lawn. At every point the moonlight touched the graceful foliage, and the peace and quiet of heaven seemed to brood over the scene.

A party of girls, visitors at the opposite house,

had just alighted from a carriage, and spying her, called her over. She ran lightly across the road, and in their merry society soon forgot her vexation and Will's glance, and began to talk in her usual strain. Emily made many friends. She was vivacious and witty; but some people said Em Granger was good company, but she was not truthful.

"We met Mr. Harington this afternoon," said one of the girls. "Why, I thought he was your cousin."

"O, no," said Emily; "he is not the most distant relation."

"But don't you know, only last summer you told me he was."

"You must be mistaken," said Emily.

"Indeed, I am not. You distinctly told me Will Harington was your cousin. Don't you remember, it was at that picnic in Herrick's woods? Why, of course you do."

"I have no recollection of telling you so," responded Emily, though as she spoke the circumstances flashed upon her mind, and she remembered distinctly the time and place, and bit her lip with vexation.

"Then your memory is exceedingly treacherous," was the cool reply. "Come, girls, let's get up a charade."

The tone in which she said this Emily had learned to recognize, and for the second time that night her cheeks burned painfully, while a self-humiliation that was almost loathing came over her.

"I wish I could cure myself of that horrid habit," she murmured, helplessly, as she had often thought before.

"If you don't," replied conscience, "you won't have a true friend in the world."

The girls were intending to have a series of tableaux, and were in the midst of preparations, —dressing in character, darkening the room, arranging music, when suddenly there sounded on the still air a loud, heart-rending shriek.

"What's that?" cried one, and a rush was made to the windows, that were all open.

"It's over on your place," said another, turning to Emily. "What can have happened?"

Emily said nothing, but she had grown very pale. She hardly felt strength in her limbs to carry her across the street. Yes, there was some trouble, she saw, as she flew up the lawn towards the house. The hall gas had been lighted, people were moving about hurriedly. The group of croquet players were huddled together and talking loudly; the servants were bringing a lounge down the steps.

"What has happened?" asked Emily, breathless.

"Your little cousin Jenny,—they think she is killed."

"Killed! Jenny! O, how was it? What could have done it?"

"Why, you know Mr. Harington, when playing, swings his mallet, particularly when he is going to send a ball off."

Emily grew deathly white, and caught at her informant to keep herself from falling.

"You're not going to faint, are you?" the latter queried, in alarm.

"One—tell me—tell me"—

"Well, he was croqueting Jessie Dent's ball, and Jenny was stooping a little, watching him, when, like lightning, the mallet head flew off and hit poor little Jenny on the left temple."

Emily clasped her hands, and a faintness stole over her, against which she strove desperately.

"Have they sent for the doctor?" she asked, in a low, altered voice. "Dear little Jenny!"

"O, yes! Mr. Harington went off across the field, which is a short cut, you know; and here they are now," she added, eagerly.

No wonder Emily shrank into the shadow, trembling from head to foot. No wonder, with bowed posture and clenched hands, she cried through tightly shut teeth, "O God forgive me! God forgive me! What shall I do if little Jenny dies? What shall I do?"

For a long time she crouched there, shivering, but not with cold; listening for voices, footsteps, anything to break the dreadful silence that was all about her. At last she stole into the house. No one is in the parlor, she thought. Just then a shadowy figure arose from the farther end, and came forward. It was Jessie Dent.

"Have you heard? Do you know how she is?" asked Emily.

"No, not yet; the doctor has not come out. I was waiting to hear something. Poor little darling! She was so happy!"

"And Mr. Harington?" gasped Emily.

"Poor Will! I pity him. He is almost crazy about it."

"But it was not his fault,—not his fault," moaned Emily, so wretched that her voice had a wail of anguish in it.

"No, of course; it was nobody's fault. One can't help those accidents. But I wonder the mallet wasn't tried. Papa is very particular about our set, and examines it carefully. Unfortunately this was one of the heavy English mallets."

Emily, almost broken-hearted, groped her way up stairs. On the first landing, at sound of her footsteps, a dark figure came from the recess of the hall window. It was Will Harington. Emily shrank back, and stood looking at him like one appalled, at the change wrought in his face.

"Did you not tell me that mallet had been repaired?" he asked, looking at her with gloomy eyes.

"I thought—I thought it had," faltered Emily. "O, Mr. Harington, at first I really thought it had. I spoke about it."

"No more," he exclaimed, impatiently; "your lie has cost a life. I have seen this fault in you for years, and have been grieved at your want of candor; but I pitied you because you were motherless. To-night you told two deliberate falsehoods. One of them has so implicated me that I feel very much like a murderer. God forgive you, and help us all," and he passed by her, and went down stairs.

Over that night of agony and humiliation we draw a veil. Poor little Cousin Jenny did not die, but long, weary months passed before she went out into the bright sunshine again, a pale, shadowy creature, over whom Emily watched with unwearied devotion.

And Emily will never forget the lesson of that night. It is hard to undo the habits that neglect and indulgence have fostered for years; and, indeed, so strong were the fetters that she found it quite impossible to break them in her own strength.

But people no longer look askance, and lift their eyebrows as she talks; indeed, she bids fair to become the very embodiment of truth, and the radical change in her character causes her to be loved and respected by all who know her most intimately.

For the Companion.

THE STORY OF MY JAPANESE FRIENDS.

By George L. Austin.

Our ship lay at anchor, off the coast of Japan, midway between the small villages of Simoda and Kakizaki. This was before Japan had been generally opened to foreigners. I was loitering half-abstractedly on deck, watching the lazy swell as it came in a roll against Centre Sima, and broke with a loud splash through its Gothic cavern.

It was past the hour of noon, and Capt. Smith came to my side, and said,—

"Come, dinner is ready. We are going to have a new dish to-day, and I'll wager a half-eagle you never tasted a better."

"Thank you, sir," said I.

"Well, aren't you coming?" continued the captain.

"In a few moments; but I am interested in those fellows yonder, captain. Who are they?"

"I can tell better when they come nearer. They are probably Japanese."

A small boat was nearing the *Thunderer*,—the name of our good American ship. In it were two youths, whose manners and dress betokened them of no ordinary caste. They wore rich brocade breeches, and at their sides hung carved swords, which were decorated with amulets.

As soon as they had come alongside the ship, they motioned to be hoisted aboard. I was just on the point of calling one or two of the men, when the captain said,—

"My friend, that will not do. We have no right to harbor refugees."

"But, captain," I replied, "they are not vagabonds. They evidently belong to some noble families."

"Are you willing to take the responsibility, if trouble comes from it?"

"Yes."

"Heave them aboard, then."

When the two youths had come on deck, each of them greeted us with an "Eh!" to which we jocularly responded with an "Abeyo!"

With the aid of an interpreter, whom we had with us, we were enabled to learn something of our new acquaintances. The younger of the two, an intelligent-faced boy, of not more than fourteen years of age, placed himself immediately in front of me.

I was quite amused in watching his movements. He first took hold of my watch-chain, which was of small links of gold, to which was attached a small coral seal. Twisting it around his fingers, he began to talk to himself, in words which were immediately translated into English.

"Very pretty," he said; "something I would like. But I will get it by-and-by. I suppose the West Country is very far. But no matter, I shall go there soon."

Then, with a sly wink, he pulled out the watch.

"O, more pretty. These grow in the West Country. I shall go there soon."

I watched my young guest quite closely, as it was possible that he was inclined to be thievish.

"You are a good man, sir," he continued, gently stroking my chin, and clinging fast to my hand. "You will not hurt a boy like me, I know."

"Of course not," I answered.

"You wish me well?" he went on to say.

"Yes. And now, my fine fellow, you have forgotten to tell me your name. What is it?"

"Kooda; and my companion's is Manji. Isn't he pretty?"

"Yes."

The captain here proposed that the boys be invited down to dinner. They readily accepted the invitation.

Whilst we were eating, the conversation continued. Kooda and Manji attached themselves wholly to me. I could not move a step unless they followed. After dinner, they accompanied me to the bows of the ship, where we sat down upon a roll of canvass. Kooda kept his arm around me, and Manji, who was perhaps a year older than his companion, leaned familiarly on my knee.

"What is the name of the ship?" asked the former, after the interpreter had taken his place in front of us.

"The *Thunderer*."

They found themselves unable to pronounce this word, after several endeavors to do so. I was not a little amused to note their perplexity. But they soon forsook one question for another.

"The West Country is far off, isn't it?" inquired Manji.

"Yes; a great many miles. Would you like to go there?"

"O, yes. But who will take us?"

"You can go in the *Thunderer*. It will be a long ride, such as you have never had."

The two boys looked at one another. Something troubled them; but I could not guess what it was. Frequently they would direct their eyes somewhat anxiously towards the shore, which lay about a quarter of a mile off.

At length Kooda said, abruptly, "Will you take us with you?"

"Of course I will," said I, heedless of what I was saying.

"Good friend!" said they, many times over.

In an hour they arose, and hurried amidships, where their boat was tied. I could not prevail on them to linger longer; for they said they were not yet ready to leave their native land.

Just before they were lowered into their boat, Kooda coyly thrust an enveloped letter into the bosom of my vest. I endeavored to take it out, but he gently restrained me from so doing. Then turning to the interpreter, he said,—

"Do not read the letter until night. We come back after the dark."

My curiosity was somewhat aroused. I began to question whether I ought not to have the letter read, to ascertain its character; but at last resolved to heed their request, and not read it until I saw them again.

"So your friends have left you?" asked the captain.

"They will return after dark," I replied. "They are fine, intelligent youths, and I should really like to take them to America."

"Impossible!"

"Why impossible, captain?"

"There is a law which prohibits a native from leaving Japan under penalty of death. Furthermore, I'm not so sure that it is lawful for them to hold any secret intercourse with us whatever."

"But they probably belong to families of rank, and I do not think such a law could apply to them."

"So much the worse for them, rather,—they are expected to know better."

I then became somewhat solicitous as to the result of my invitation to the youngsters. The whole afternoon I watched the shore anxiously. Towards evening some of the sailors manned a boat.

"They are going ashore for provisions," said I to myself. "Perhaps they will also bring back my little Japanese friends."

Time wore away. The sun went down, and darkness gathered around us. Eight o'clock, nine, and ten o'clock came, and still there were no signs of Kooda and Manji.

At half-past eleven, I went into the cabin, and tore open the letter; but it was written in characters which I could not interpret.

"Captain," I said, "where is the interpreter?"

"Gone ashore. Why, what have you there?"

"A letter which the boys placed in my keeping. They told me not to read it; but I am both curious and anxious, and cannot go to sleep until I know its contents."

A few minutes later we heard a noise on deck.

"It's the men, who have returned," said the captain.

"May I call in the interpreter?" I inquired.

"Certainly. Now is the time, or never. The men may be all drunk,—they usually are, you know."

Hardly had the men reached the deck, when two of them, including the interpreter, came into the cabin.

"Please, sir, we have a message, sir," said one of the men, addressing me.

I took it. It was simply a piece of brown paper folded up.

"I can't read that," said I, handing it to the interpreter.

It was with some difficulty that he could decipher it. For although he was a native Japanese, born and brought up in Yokohama, absence of a long time from his native land had almost obliterated his knowledge of Japanese characters.

Patience and careful study at length refreshed his memory, and he soon was able to translate the message, which was as follows:

"My good friend of the *Thunderer* must know that we are now in a half-sized house, where we are very uncomfortable; we shall soon get out.

"KOODA.
"MANJI."

"Where did you get this message?" asked Capt. Smith of the bearer.

"As we were coming down to the wharf," said the latter, "we nearly stumbled over a cage that lay near a lot of bales and boxes. I stooped to see what it was, and was startled by hearing strange voices issuing from it. Isagi (the interpreter) talked with those that were in the cage, and declared that they were the youths who boarded the ship this afternoon. One of them asked for a piece of paper, and we tore off a piece from our parcel. He chalked out those letters, and told Isagi to give the paper to you."

"I understand," said the captain. "They heard your English-speaking voices, and supposed that you belonged on board this ship. No other foreign vessel lies in the harbor."

I then handed the letter to Isagi for interpretation. It read as follows:

"We want to sail on board your ship to the West Country. We are tired of living here, and hope to travel around the world. Since you are kind and will permit us to go with you, we must first return to shore, where leaving our nice clothes and swords, which are dear to our parents, we shall again set out in the boat, after the sun is set.

"If we do not see you again, it is because we shall be shut up. We are foolish, and may lose our heads before morning.

"KOODA.
"MANJI."

And so, even then, my two young friends were paying the penalty of their rashness.

"Tell me," I said to Isagi, "what will be the end of this matter? Is there any chance by which we may rescue them?"

"I think not," he responded. "The law says they are traitors, and must die. Before morning, the officer with his *kriss* will execute them. They cannot be saved, sir. It would not be safe to try."

Early the next day the interpreter and I ventured on shore. It was a venturous undertaking, but no harm happened to come from it. We found the "half-sized house," but it was empty. A pool of blood near by told plainly that the executioner had done his work.

This event happened some years ago; and it is a cause of rejoicing that such a tragedy cannot now be repeated in Japan, for Christianity and Western civilization have made it impossible.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens.

The ninth day of July found me sitting on the forward deck of the fine, staunch steamer Ironsides, then lying at her dock in Detroit. I was surrounded by fishing-rods, reels, rubber boots, and the usual paraphernalia of fishermen. With me was a young companion, Arthur Denison; we were bound for a trip to the Lake Superior country.

Passing through the turbid waters of Lake St. Claire, by Sarnia and the Port, we soon found ourselves tossing upon the angry waters of Lake Huron.

The next morning, early, we are at Church's, a small island noted for producing more raspberry jam than all the rest of the manufactories in the United States. The berries are picked by the Indians, and manufactured by Church into jam, thousands of gallons of which he ships annually.

Once more under way, and we soon enter the St. Mary's River, and in a few hours are at the rapids, waiting at the mouth of the canal for our turn to pass through.

As we shall be obliged to remain an hour or two at this point, we take a stroll, and soon discover several Chippewa lodges, in one of which resides an old squaw said to be one hundred and seventeen years old.

These Indians earn a precarious living by catching white-fish in the rapids, and making boxes, baskets, &c., of birch bark and a fragrant grass that grows in the vicinity, called squaw grass, which they dispose of to visitors.

We stood on the shore for a while, and watched the Indians catch the fish.

Two of them enter a birch-bark canoe, so light and frail that it seems almost as fragile as an egg shell. They paddle up until they reach the first fall in the rapids: then one of them takes his place in the prow, with a large "scoop-net," and the other steadies the canoe with his paddle.

The Indian in the prow stands so motionless that Arthur thinks he must be asleep; but suddenly we see the net descend, and in a moment it rises, all dripping with water, and a fine large white-fish is deposited, gasping, in the bottom of the canoe.

Again on board the boat, we slowly steam in between two high walls of stone; a pair of immense gates are closed behind us, and then the great boat begins to slowly rise, and in a very few moments we are in another lock; the great gates are again closed behind us, and then we soon rise to a level with the lake before us. We have passed around the rapids in the great "St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal," and are at last fairly launched on the bosom of the great lake, whose green waters extend for nearly five hundred miles before us.

Just as the sun rises, the following morning, the captain calls us to come on deck, and a remarkable sight greets our eyes. Every one asks, "Why, where are we?" and the captain finally tells us, "In Le Portail." The great steamer, with its tall masts and smoke stacks, is in an immense cavern, more than a hundred feet high.

"Look!" cries Arthur, "how can the boat stay

here? The water isn't more than two feet deep."

But the captain tells us it is more than twenty-five feet deep. Yet, so clear and transparent is it that we can see the delicate tints and ripe colors of every pebble on the bottom as plainly as though they lay in our hand.

In a short time the great steamer backs out of the cave, and in a few hours more we find ourselves alongside the busy docks at Marquette, over which millions of tons of iron ore are annually shipped to the great manufacturing centres of the world.

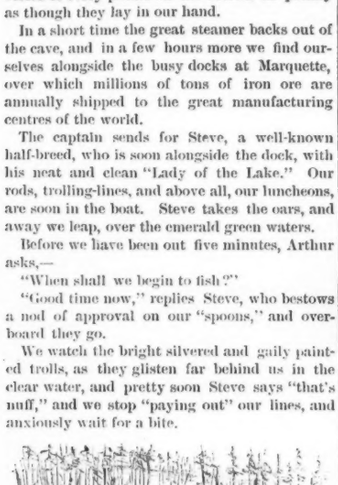
The captain sends for Steve, a well-known half-breed, who is soon alongside the dock, with his neat and clean "Lady of the Lake." Our rods, trolling-lines, and above all, our luncheons, are soon in the boat. Steve takes the oars, and away we leap, over the emerald green waters.

Before we have been out five minutes, Arthur asks,—

"When shall we begin to fish?"

"Good time now," replies Steve, who bestows a nod of approval on our "spoons," and overboard they go.

We watch the bright silvered and gaily painted trolls, as they glisten far behind us in the clear water, and pretty soon Steve says "that's nuff," and we stop "paying out" our lines, and anxiously wait for a bite.



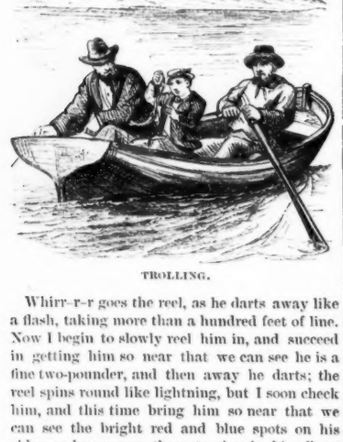
INDIAN HUT.

Arthur soon exclaims, "I've got a fish! I've got one! Let me pull him in! Don't touch the line!"

"Steady! pull steady!" says Steve, and in a few minutes a six-pound Mackinac trout lies flapping in the bottom of the boat.

And now the fish begin to bite so fast that our hands grow both tired and sore, and we are glad to hear the guide suggest pulling in shore towards a small rocky island near the mouth of Cart River, that we may try our luck at speckled trout.

Our rods are soon jointed, our reels attached, lines fastened, and in a very few minutes after, our keel strikes the pebbly beach, we are on the rocks. I throw a small black fly, with gandy wings, and it has scarcely struck the water before a noble fellow rises it.



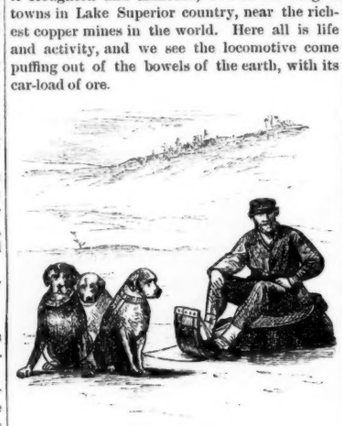
TROLLING.

Whirr–r–r goes the reel, as he darts away like a flash, taking more than a hundred feet of line. Now I begin to slowly reel him in, and succeed in getting him so near that we can see he is a fine two-pounder, and then away he darts; the reel spins round like lightning, but I soon check him, and this time bring him so near that we can see the bright red and blue spots on his sides, as he exposes them to view in his efforts to escape from the certain fate that awaits him.

Once more he starts; again the reel spins; again I check him, and bring him towards me; this time near enough to get my net under him, and then he lies, panting and exhausted, on the rocks at my feet.

And so the sport goes on, until we hear the hoarse whistle of the Ironsides; and though Arthur declares "It's too bad!" we take the boat, and Steve soon lands us and our precious cargo at the dock.

Morning finds us in Portage Lake, and we visit Houghton and Hancock, two of the largest towns in Lake Superior country, near the richest copper mines in the world. Here all is life and activity, and we see the locomotive come puffing out of the bowels of the earth, with its car-load of ore.



BILL NOKOMIS.

On our way back we steer for Ontonagon. After a visit to the Minnesota and National mines, where we descend by means of shafts to immense depths, we see the grimy miners, with their little safety lamps fastened in their hats, as they delve and toil for the precious ore, some of which contains large quantities of virgin silver. Reaching the surface in safety, we return to the town.

Here we meet Bill Nokomis, the man who carries the Ontonagon mail during the winter season, and furnishes the only means of communication that this thriving settlement has with the outside world during the long, cold winter. Bill is a half-breed, and with his train of noble dogs and sledge, makes an easy sixty miles per day over the frozen crust, with his mail-bags.

OUR NATIONAL GROWTH.

The rapid growth of our country in population still continues. Many of the States have taken a census this year, in accordance with a wise custom. The national government takes a general census every ten years, in the last year of each decade. The latest of these was in 1870. Many of the States, also, take a census half way between each two taken by the federal government; that is, in the years 1865, 1875, and so on.

Only two of the States, so far, have completed their census, though partial returns have been published of others. These two are Massachusetts and Iowa.

In Massachusetts the population of 1875 is about 1,640,000, a few towns not having made their returns at the time of writing. In 1870 the population was 1,457,351; so that in five years the increase has been 183,000, or one-eighth.

Iowa has grown a very little more rapidly still. In 1870 her population was 1,194,020. In 1875, excepting one small county which is estimated, it is inhabited by 1,352,531 people, an increase of 158,511, or thirteen and a half per cent. Iowa took a census in 1873 also, and the census of the present year shows that the rate of growth during the last two years was twice as great as during the three years from 1870 to 1873.

If we could take it for granted that all the States have grown as rapidly as these two, the present population of the United States would be 43,571,000. But this cannot be assumed. Few of the Eastern States have gained as rapidly as Massachusetts, and not more than one or two of the Western States as fast as Iowa. In the South the rate of growth has probably been very slow indeed.

It is not likely that our national population today exceeds 42,300,000; and a corresponding rate of growth in the next five years would bring it up to about forty-six millions in 1880.

There is a striking difference between Massachusetts and Iowa as to growth. In Iowa the increase has been largely by the settlement of previously vacant lands. One congressional district, in the north-western part of the State, has increased more than 27,500 in two years, and in five years it has increased from 85,743 to 128,450, a gain of almost exactly fifty per cent.

This is a growth of rural population. The cities of Iowa are, with one or two exceptions, small and unimportant, and by far the greater part of the inhabitants are dwellers on farms and in little villages. It is quite otherwise in Massachusetts.

The latter State contains nineteen cities, not one of which has less than 12,000 inhabitants. Four of these cities have between 40,000 and 50,000, besides Boston, which has nearly 350,000. The whole number of people in Massachusetts who live in these nineteen cities is about 840,000, which is more than half the whole population of the State. Outside of these cities the population has increased scarcely at all. The small towns have become smaller, while the large towns have become cities, and the cities have swelled to a large size.

It is easy to see why this should be. Massachusetts is becoming more and more a manufacturing and trading State; and manufactures and trade show everywhere a tendency to build up large centres. Agriculture does not pay very well, and the farms are deserted by the young and enterprising. Railroads have also had the effect of transferring population from place to place. It is probable that more than two-thirds of the people of Massachusetts live within one mile of a railroad station, although there is but one station to ten square miles of territory. This shows what a change has taken place by the improved facilities for travel.

A similar result has occurred in the West, by the same agency,—not, indeed, a gathering of people in large towns, but a wider settlement of districts, which are brought nearer to market by the opening of new railroad lines.

HEROES OF TOIL.

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil and the loom.
O, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, and lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

GAMBETTA.

Leon Gambetta is one of the most noted men in France. His rise has been a very rapid and in many respects a very remarkable one. Though not yet forty years old, he has already been, for a brief period, the supreme ruler over France, wielding powers as great as were those of the Emperor Napoleon; and he is now the acknowledged chief of the French Republicans.

It was in the summer of 1869 that the writer saw Gambetta for the first time. There was to be an exciting debate in the *Corps Legislatif*, and we seized the occasion to visit it, and to hear some of the eminent French orators.

After Rouher, the Prime Minister, had made a rather dull and prosy speech, and after little Thiers had talked eloquently for half an hour in his squeaking voice, a young and rather thickset man slowly ascended the tribune.

The tribune, let us say, is a narrow platform just below the President's desk, with a railing in front, and steps leading up to it on either side.

This young man had no sooner made his appearance, than the assemblage became quiet and attentive. He was a new deputy, and had only sat in the Chamber a few weeks; but he had already given striking proofs of his powers as an orator.

As he stood there, he seemed about middle height. His body and limbs, however, were so stout as to give him rather an ungainly and awkward than a graceful appearance. He was very dark, and his head was covered with a mass of very thick and black hair, which was wavy rather than curly. He wore also a short though heavy beard, coming to a point in front; and a small moustache crossed his upper lip.

A very large, thick nose, a trifle aquiline, gave the hint of his Italian origin. His eyes were small. One of them was defective, as if closed and scarred by an accident; the other was of a clear, piercing black, and shone very bright.

His only fine features were his low but exceedingly well-shaped forehead, and his mouth, which had a good shape and a pleasant expression. He wore a plain black suit, and low turned-over collar, and in his button-hole a small flower was pinned.

As soon as he began to speak, our curiosity was aroused to know who he was; and we were told that it was Gambetta, the fiery young Republican who dared to tell the Ministers of the Emperor the plainest truths, and who was famous already for his eloquence. His voice, at first low and measured, was singularly sweet, full and musical. With one hand thrust in his pocket, he turned to the right and to the left, leaving a well-turned and quietly-uttered sentence on either hand, but as yet using no gestures.

As he went on, his face grew red, his tones came out more strong and resonant, his utterance became rapid, every word had its telling emphasis, and he seemed to give easy expression to every shade of emotion, and to bend his voice to every change of impulse. Now he thundered out in tones of deep and sharp indignation; then his hand would come down with a sledge-hammer gesture, as if crushing to the earth those he was attacking. Soon his voice would fall to a tone of touching and tender entreaty, which seemed to transform him into a different being.

Gambetta is undoubtedly the greatest of living French orators, and in this respect is fully the equal of Gladstone, Bright, or Castelar. The effects he produces in speaking are wonderful. He electrifies his audience, and his bitterest enemies listen to him—so charming is his voice and speech—with the most rapt attention. His command of language is such that he is never at a loss for a word or an expression, and he is always very quick with a brilliant reply when interrupted by an antagonist.

Eight years ago, Gambetta was a poor and unknown lawyer, struggling for bare existence. He was called upon to defend some political prisoners; and so splendid was his speech on that occasion that he was very soon elected a deputy.

When Napoleon was captured at Sedan, and the Empire fell, it was Gambetta who moved that the Republic be founded, and who, when it was founded, rose to be its chief, and to control the destinies of France for several months of war and disaster.

He is a statesman as well as an orator, and if the Republic continues to exist, Gambetta will probably be its President before many years.

GERMAN TITLES.

The number of majors, colonels, professors, doctors, &c., among us shows how fond the American people are of (supposed) honorary titles. But in this respect we are far exceeded by the Germans. In the land of the Teuton, not only do the men rejoice in their titles, but their wives also share in the felicity. The wife of the doctor is Mrs. Doctoress; the life companion of the professor is Mrs. Professoress.

The military and civil officers also extend their dignity to their spouses. It would be great offence to forget, when addressing a lady, what office her husband holds, even if it be that of pastor of a small country parish. In addressing a lady you must always say "Meine gnadigste" (my most gracious); and if the lady is an unmarried one, you call her "Mein gnadiges Fraulein" (my gracious young lady).

When, however, a gentleman possesses a title, it is not enough, as among us, to call him by it. They do not say Colonel Foster, but Mr. Colonel Foster (Herr Oberst), &c. You may, indeed, omit the name, but not the Mr. (Herr).

An English lady was frequently thrown into company with two German barons, named Wolff and Behr, but could not remember which was Wolff and which was Behr. In speaking to them it was sufficient to say "Herr-baron," but in speaking of them to others, she naturally made a mistake. One day she met Baron Behr in the street. He treated her coldly, and said,—

"You have on several occasions spoken of me, in my presence, as Baron Wolff. Now allow me to tell you that the Wolves are not to be compared to the Bears."

On another occasion the lady had to send to a little Jew storekeeper in a neighboring town for a reel of silk, or skein of wool. She wrote a note, and addressed it "Herr Meyer, Linen Draper." Her German friends declared such an address would be insulting to Mr. Meyer. They accordingly re-directed the note "To the well-born, Mr. Jacob Meyer, Merchant."

All respectable persons expect to be designated as "well-born" (wohl geboren), at any rate outside their letters. If a gentleman attains the rank of Privy Councillor, he is not only well-born, but *high*-well-born.

In writing to a German prince, of which rank there are so many, it is often quite puzzling to know whether His Highness is a Royal, Transparent, or Serene Highness.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

The writer once took a voyage through tropical seas, which lasted several months. One of the passengers on board the ship was a captain in the British army, who, on account of his habits, was commonly known as "Dirty Sam." But he was a devoted naturalist.

In calm weather he always had suspended over the stern of the vessel a little muslin bag, in which he caught the greatest variety of curious creatures most of them, indeed, invisible to the naked eye, but under the microscope displaying the most unusual forms and the most brilliant colors.

One evening, as we were looking closely over the bowl, into which the contents of the dredging-bag had been turned, Dirty Sam gave it a jerk and threw some of the water over us. What a marvellous transformation! We were instantly invested in most splendid silver breastplates, shining indeed more brightly even than burnished silver. We never saw anything more beautiful. It of course soon faded away, but was easily renewed by another splash of the water, and we did not mind wetting our clothes for the sake of making, at least once in our lives, a brilliant appearance.

The captain explained that it was phosphorescence, caused by innumerable little animalcules.

Individually they were not visible to the naked eye, and yet how numerous they must have been to produce such an effect!

This was not the writer's first experience of phosphorescence. When a boy, and having a visitor, he procured one night a piece of phosphorus, and drew with it some fearful figures on the wall of his bedroom. Both of us were sufficiently terrified, for we came near being suffocated with the fumes.

Nor was it his last. Touching at Fayal, in the island of Madeira, he saw a jelly-fish, which emitted light in flashes, like the revolving lantern of a lighthouse.

One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescence, is that of a certain kind of fish, or mollusk, without a shell. These creatures cling together so as to form large and brilliant masses. Their light has the property of changing its hue, from red to crimson, then to orange, then to greenish blue, and finally to yellow. When these fishes swim in a line or ribbon, they look like the reflection of the moon on water, but the French call it a "sea of milk."

What is the cause of animal phosphorescence? This is a point still involved in mystery. Most probably it is of an electro-magnetic nature. Who can say but that some day men may be able to phosphorize themselves with a small magnetic battery carried about in the pocket?

CAREFULNESS OF SCIENCE.

The extreme care with which the masters of science conduct important experiments, is finely illustrated in a series of experiments by Sir Humphrey Davy. Chemists had found that when water was resolved by a battery into oxygen and hydrogen, there remained besides an acid and an alkali, and they were inclined to believe these to be constituent elements of the water. Sir Humphrey Davy resolved to settle the question by conclusive tests.

He first tried a series of cups in the voltaic battery, connected by an animal membrane. He found a residuum of muriatic acid and an alkali. Substituting a washed cotton fibre, instead of the animal membrane, the muriatic acid disappeared, with nitrous acid in its place, and the alkali remained. Thinking the alkali might come from the glass, he took cups of agate, and then of gold, but with no change of result. Most men would have thought the problem settled, but not Sir Humphrey. "Possibly the water is not pure," he said; and distilled it carefully. There was much less of the acid, and the fixed alkali changed to volatile ammonia. He was evidently on the right track. "I must get rid of air in the water," he said; and put the water in a receiver under an air-pump, to exhaust the air. More progress now, for there was very little either of the acid or the alkali, but both were there. He exhausted the receiver more carefully, refilling it with hydrogen, exhausting and refilling several times. The next experiment was triumphant. Not a particle of acid was visible at the positive pole of the battery, nor a particle of alkali at the negative. He had solved the difficult problem, and proved that pure water was composed only of oxygen and hydrogen.

A GRANDMOTHER'S PRIDE.

The late Gulian Verplanck, of New York, was one of the most elegant gentlemen and finished scholars in the United States. He belonged to one of the oldest families in New York, with large wealth, and might have grown up, like many rich young men, with luxurious and dissipated habits, with a distaste for work, and little love of letters. But *Appleton's Journal* gives us a pleasant picture of his boyhood, showing how a love of study was implanted early, and he was inspired with noble aims in life, through the influence of a cultivated grandmother.

This lady was of Dutch birth, though of Huguenot stock. Her father, a wealthy banker in Amsterdam, gave her an elegant education, so that she was almost as familiar with the Greek and Latin, and with several modern languages, as with her native tongue. After her marriage she resided in this country, an ornament of the first circles. She took great pride in her grandson, teaching him, when just able to talk, to declaim passages from Latin authors, and rewarding him for success with a piece of pound-cake. Even at night she put sugar-plums by his bedside to tempt him, if he woke in the night, to repeat his lessons. When he grew older he needed no cake or sugar-plums, for he had learned to love knowledge for its own sake, and was an enthusiastic scholar.

SIMPLE HABITS OF LIFE.

Extravagance in living is one of the chief vices in our day. It tempts many young men to fraud and forgery, and brings men of wealth to bankruptcy. Some great firms have recently failed, where the family expenses of the partners were said to be from $75,000 to $100,000 a year. No business, however lucrative, can sustain such a constant drain. It would be well if people could learn to practise again the simple habits of our fathers. In ancient Greece philosophers and scholars took pride in living at small expense. In Germany many learned men live on incomes that a clerk in this country would despise.

An exchange gives an instructive account of the habits of Michael Angelo, the great painter and sculptor. He lived in austere simplicity, using the wealth acquired by his genius in charity, or in patronage of the arts. His house was furnished with extreme plainness. His dinner was often only a crust of bread. His dress was of cheap material, without fashionable ornament. He wore a coarse cap while at work, and a plain blouse, and was never ashamed to receive, in this garb, prince or pope, noble or lady. His severe tastes might be copied to advantage in our country. Few wants as well as much money can make one rich.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS IN CALIFORNIA.

It has been a common impression that the birds of California are songless; but this is a great mistake. It was natural that the early settlers should think so, for their road lay across the naked and arid plains where no birds live. But in the coast valleys, where forests abound, singing birds gather in large numbers, and one may hear, at the same time, the merry notes of lark and magpie, quail, red-winged blackbird, groesbeak, passano, bluebird and oriole.

Crouise, in the "Natural Wealth of California," says that most of the flowers, though gorgeous in color, are without odors. But the deficiency of fragrance in the flowers is supplied by the aromatic shrubs and vines, which abound everywhere. Mint, rosemary, sweet-scented shrub, honeysuckle, sage and fennel may be found crowded together in many parts of Los Angelos. They are more rare in Northern California.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

This song has had an almost universal circulation. During the first year of its publication, more than one hundred thousand copies were sold. It is sung wherever the English language is spoken. It was written by John Howard Payne, who gives the following account of its origin:

I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation, I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of "Home, Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop. He happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words. As originally written, the song was:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other)
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played.
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call.
Those who nam'd me with pride,—
Those who play'd by my side,—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish—There's no place like home."

KINDNESS.

The *Animal World* gives the following interesting item in relation to the influence which habitual kind treatment has over animals:

Walking down a country lane the other morning, I heard a gentle whistle behind me, and almost simultaneously a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from the neighboring field. Turning round, I was about to retrace my steps towards a man whom I saw standing by the field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed had given the call, when a pony dashed past me at a full gallop on the opposite side of the fence towards the gate, and before I had gone many yards, was being quietly led out by the man. Feeling interested, not to say delighted, at this proof of the power of kindness,—for such I had no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience,—I questioned the man, who, seeing that I was interested, told me that, having been accustomed to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle of which I had just now seen the effect; that many others had likewise tried to call him, but always signally failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He acknowledged that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence another groom having to catch the pony would attempt the call, but whistle and chirp as he would, it was no use; he was always obliged to enter the field, basket in hand, and so lure it towards the halter.

SHARP SHOOTING.

Lawyers will have their jokes, at other people's expense, and can't complain if they are paid in their own coin. A Boston paper tells a good story of a distinguished lawyer in that city, who is not noted for the neatness and good order of his office:

An eminent lawyer of this city tells a good joke at the expense of Uncle B. F. B. A flashily-dressed young fellow entered Mr. B.'s office, and was requested to be seated. The request was complied with, and the young man was asked to state his business.

"Well, Mr. B., what would be the first thing for me to do in order to learn the profession?"

Mr. B. fixed his eye upon the gaily-dressed young man, and surveyed him from his flashy necktie to his highly-polished boots, and exclaimed,—

"The first thing you had better do would be to go and roll in the barn-yard."

An answer came as quick as the suggestion in the following terse language:

"If I should come and study two years in your office, wouldn't it do just as well?"

CONVALESCENCE.

In yellow fever the critical period is when the patient is getting well. Any inattention of the nurse then, such as permitting the sick person to indulge the ravenous appetite, or to cool the hot body so as to take cold, is fatal. A relapse ends the matter, and relieves the nurse. In a less degree this is true of all who are recovering from sickness. A writer in *Scribner* says:

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little things worry, and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.

DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

It was a bold decision on the part of Parliamentary leaders, to put Charles I. to death; far bolder than the decision of our Revolutionary fathers, to throw off the yoke of Great Britain. Grace Greenwood saw recently the original warrant, which has been preserved:

It is a very small instrument to have wrought such great mischief to kingcraft. The divine right of kings took little space to die in. On this narrow bit of parchment an empire wheeled and fell back. As I touched it, I seemed to be feeling the edge of the axe itself. Lord Houghton (Moncton Milnes), who stood by, said he thought I must be peculiarly interested in it, as it was "a Republican document;" but surely we have nothing analogous to it in the history of our republic. In signing the Declaration of Independence, our fathers put themselves in more deadly peril, apparently, than did these men, for they were weak and the regicides were strong, with the smell of the battles of Naseby and Marston Moor yet on their garments, and if our fathers may be said to have written their names in blood, it was their own blood, not that of a conquered and captive enemy. But, after all, Cromwell is my hero, and not Charles, and I hold that the rough head that was torn from its coffin pillow in the sepulchre of kings, chopped off at Tyburn, spiked and beaten by the storms, and burned by the suns of nineteen years on the top of Westminster Hall, was more fit for a crown than that "comely head" that fell before Whitehall. It was heaven-anointed for a great though terrible work.

A FRENCH DISH.

The French people have never been such great eaters as we are, and partly, perhaps, because they have not such good appetites they like to have some style about their dishes. The viands are "tasty" in more senses than one, and feast the eyes as well as the palate. Here is an instance:

A large silver dish is borne in, on which is placed a bundle of asparagus, the stalks held together by a broad, blue satin ribbon. The ribbon is untied, the stalks fall apart, and one is served to each guest, together with a rich sauce from a silver sauce-boat. The stalk is composed of vanilla ice-cream, the green part of pistacchio ice, while the sauce is a delicately flavored cream. The imitation of the vegetable is so perfect that persons not in the secret are completely deceived by it.

IRISH WIT.

The late Mr. Brady, of New York, was accustomed to say, with a little national pride, that one could never corner an Irishman. He had an answer ready for every emergency. Here is a capital illustration:

An American judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge; would you not, Pat?"

"Yes, your honor," said Pat: "and I think your honor would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge, too."

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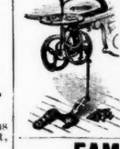

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THE REAPERS.

The reapers bend their lusty backs;
Their sounding sickles sway;
At every stroke the golden sea
Recedes to give them way;
The heavy ears fall bowing down,
And nestle at their feet,
Such will, such work, as theirs perforce
Must win—must homage meet,

So careless of fatigue they go,
So true, so steadily,
The admiring traveller on the road
Leans o'er the gate to see;
With marvel of the soon fallen breadth
The lounging gossips tell;
But the reapers labor for us all;
'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun that burns above
Shall crimson in the west,
And the children's poppy nosegays fade,
And they lie down to rest,
Each golden spear that upward points
Shall fall upon the field,
And the farmer drain a sparkling glass,
Rejoicing o'er the yield.

Fly, bonny men, your sickles bright,
And give the people bread!
At every conquering stride you take
On want and woe you tread.
Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength
You gathered from the plain,
That men may rise refreshed and firm,
And do great things again!

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,
That guide the cleaving plough,
That cast abroad the shining seed,
And bid the wealthy mow!
They rear the bread our children eat;
'Tis by their toil we live;
Hurrah! give them the loudest cheer
That grateful hearts can give!

Harper's Bazaar.

For the Companion.

CONQUERED.

It is more than forty years since Morgan, the famous circuit preacher, proclaimed so successfully in this country the Gospel in town, and field and forest, to the masses of the West and South.

At that time there lived in the town of Amwell, Washington County, Pennsylvania, a young man of fine appearance and superior ability, who was recognized as a leader in society, but whose influence was wholly against true religion. Church worship and the Sabbath day he observed only for thoughtless pastime. Piety provoked his scarcasm, though he was too well-bred to insult a professing Christian with open sneers. Sermons and spiritual appeals passed by him unheeded, and left him serene in his unbelief. He could disarm conviction with a pleasantry. Generous, noble and honorable, he asked nothing of divine grace. Strong of mind and will, he rejected as fanaticism the doctrine of a new heart. In this respect he was like thousands of young men, who give religion the most superficial consideration, and suppose its grand truths are fitted only to influence shallow and credulous minds.

In the summer of 1833, a great open-air meeting was held at a place called "Upper Ten Mile," near this young man's home. Several preachers were to address the people, and among them the eloquent Morgan.

The young man attended the meeting,—for nearly everybody in the surrounding region was there,—but for the first two days he found little but amusement for himself. On the third day came Morgan's sermon. This man's eloquence, thought he, I shall be glad to listen to—but there can be no force whatever to his arguments.

The preacher began. He opened his text, stated his subject, and then entered upon his argument. It was a discourse direct to the sinner's conscience, and full of earnest pathos and terrible power. The power of the man, the power of the Holy Ghost, few hearers could resist. The trumpet-like voice and burning words moved the vast assembly like forest leaves shaken by the wind.

The young scoffer had stood with his eye fixed on the speaker, catching every syllable. Stalwart, tall and noble-looking, he was a marked figure, midway down the circle of seats. Indeed, it seemed to him that Morgan had noticed him, and that all the thunders of that mighty sermon were being hurled directly at him.

The smile of half-defiance on his fine face passed away. Suddenly, with a groan which startled all who were near him, he sank down on the ground. The arrows of God had struck the proud unbeliever. Then, at the foot of a large tree, leaning against it, he remained till the sermon was finished, and there, with the prayers of friends around him, he learned himself to pray, with a broken heart.

From that day the scoffer became one of the champions of Christ. He was never a preacher, but in the church, and in every field of benevolent and godly labor, none served the Lord better than he.

HOW A DROWNING BOY FELT.

The Portsmouth *Journal* relates the following touching instance of a little boy's fearful danger and bare rescue in the harbor of that city last summer:

A narrow escape from drowning was that of Willie Newell, a bright little boy seven years old. It seems that the little fellow, who had been frequently forbidden to go on the wharves alone, wandered away from home, with several others, to Rollins' Wharf, where he soon became fascinated with watching parties who were fishing, the swift-running tide, etc.

While standing and attentively looking over the wharf, a sudden exclamation caused him to turn round, when he lost his balance, and fell overboard. A youth of eleven summers, named Tommy Lynch, sprang to his rescue by climbing down a narrow gangway, and succeeded in catching hold of Willie's hand just as he was sinking for the third time.

The description Willie gives of his sensations while under the water are remarkable for one so young.

He says, that on going down the first time the water looked perfectly white and silver-like, and his first thought was to recall the advice frequently given him, to always keep his mouth shut when under water, which he did with a strong effort of his will. Thoughts followed thoughts, all centreing on this:

"Now my mamma don't know where I am," which was one of great distress to him. On going down the second time, the water took on a bright-green appearance, it seeming to him as a very mirror of thoughts, and when he struck bottom, it suddenly flashed upon him that if he sunk again (as he remembered to have been told) he would be drowned, so still keeping his mouth closed and remaining perfectly quiet he mentally thought, "Please, please God, save little Willie."

Then he began to rise to the surface once more, when he saw and eagerly caught the outstretched hand of his youthful rescuer, and was dragged up the stairway to the wharf greatly exhausted.

Willie's debt of gratitude to his young preserver was touchingly shown in two instances; first on the way home, for evidently remembering that bravery should have its reward, he took from his pocket five cents,—all he owned,—and gave to his companion the largest half of it as a partial recompense for saving him, which incident was not mentioned at home, and only found out accidentally that night.

Again, his feelings of gratitude towards Tommy Lynch were most touchingly shown at the time of saying his customary evening prayer, for without a word of advice or suggestion from any one, he lifted his little hands towards heaven, and prayed with a trembling voice and tear-dimmed eye thus fervently:

"O, God, I thank thee! I thank you ever so much for saving me from being drowned to-day, and do bless Tommy Lynch for helping me; do, please!" and then, with tears in his eyes, he lay down only to rehearse in dreamland the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of that day.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

In the course of a lecture on mental disease, Prof. C. P. Bronson relates this anecdote of Buckland, as illustrating the power of imagination:

Buckland one day invited a number of the most distinguished of his friends to be present and witness the dissection of an enormous alligator which he had secured. The dissection was a matter of deep interest to all. After this followed a social chat upon scientific subjects, and then came dinner, to which the company sat down with sharpened appetites, falling to with a will.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the professor, addressing a man who had eaten two platefuls.

"Excellently well. It is good. Turtle, is it not?"

The professor shook his head.

"It has a peculiar taste," said another; "not exactly like turtle."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman particularly so. It was really a cayman which I dissected this morning, and having a notion to try how a soup would taste"—

By this time there was a general rout of the guests, and most of them were pale and sick.

"See the power of imagination," said Buckland. "If I had told him it was turtle, or terrapin, or anything else admitted to the approved *cuisine* of modern society, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would not have been disturbed. Such is the mental power over the physical."

"But was it not an alligator?" asked a lady of the company.

"Not at all. It was as fine a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

CHEAP LIVING.

Laboring classes in America live more luxuriously than in any other part of the world. In many countries they earn only a few pennies a day, and are compelled to be satisfied with simple food. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says the Mexicans can live on eight cents a day:

Passing through a shaded court we saw two pretty young Indian women making *tortillas*—the national bread. Although Indian corn forms the chief article of food of the greater part of the Mexican people, I was assured that there is not a corn mill in the country. The grains of corn are soaked in lye until they become what is known in Virginia as big hominy. The maker of tortillas takes a gourd bowl, filled with this hulled and softened corn, and kneels before a flat stone placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, sloping from her.

Washing her hands in a gourd bowl of water, she then takes some of the softened corn, places it on the stone, and then, with a stone rolling-pin, kneads and rolls it into a sheet of compact dough. Again washing her hands, she takes up a small bit of dough, "and rolls it, and rolls it, and pats it, and pats it," until it is ready to be baked on a small furnace, over a fire of dried aloe-leaves.

The tortillas, thus made, taste somewhat like fried hominy, and are quite palatable. With a supply of them, some *frijoles*, or stewed beans, and a little *pulque*, a Mexican laborer can live in a manner perfectly satisfactory to himself, at a cost of about eight cents per day. How different the expensive fare of our self-styled *temperate* people, who gorge themselves with meats, pastries, coffee and tea, yet denounce the Mexican for drinking the nourishing juice of his native mangnay, because people have become drunk on pulque.

GIRL ARGUMENT.

Here is a pretty good story about the way in which some school-girls forced a stove-man to keep his engagement:

It fell out, once upon a time, that the lady principal of a well-known young ladies' academy at —— desired to have a stove put up in her school-room, as the winter was descending upon the land, and blue and red noses and fingers began disadvantageously to diversify the beauties of the "sweet girl-graduates," and so forth. So Miss Jones sent word to old Mr. Smith, the stove man, to come and put up a stove.

"Yes, certainly!" replied the polite man of sheet-iron; "come to-morrow."

Sly man! He knew that to-morrow comes never, and so came he. Miss Jones sent again, and he promised more glibly than before. Thrice he did it. Then the school-mistress put on her thinking-cap, and devised the plan that vanquished him.

Next day, about half-past nine, while old Mr. Smith was rattling about his sable wares, in marched a sprightly band of ten well-dressed young ladies, who came to a "parade rest" in front of the old fellow. The brightest, in the politest manner in the world, invited Mr. Smith to send up to the academy, and put up the stove aforesaid.

"Certainly!" said Mr. Smith, rather overcome by so numerous and angelic a visitation; but procrastination, as usual,—"Certainly! Come up to-morrow."

'But, Mr. Smith, to-morrow won't do. We are freezing."

"Wal," said the old fellow, "wal, I'll see if I can't get round this afternoon."

"No, please!" rejoined the lovely applicant, and the party marched out.

Smith went on with what he was about.

Not far from half-past ten a party of ten young ladies marched into his store, and exactly as before, stood forth a spokeswoman, and requested and exhorted.

"Why,' said the benumbed mechanic, "there was ten on ye came an hour ago."

"We want a stove."

"How many on ye is there, I'd like to know?"

"O, fifty or sixty!"

"For the land's sake! Are ye all a-comin?"

'Yes," replied the young chieftainess, with great state. "We are told off in squads of ten, and are to see you, turn-and-turn, about every hour till you come."

"Here, Jim," shouted Mr. Smith, "come and tend store,—quick! Bill, go and harness up that ere wagin! Good gracious! I'm a-comin' right up now!"

He did. The stove was up, and a good fire burning in it before dinner.

SUCH IS FAME.

Great men are frequently less known in their own neighborhoods than they are in distant countries. An amusing instance of this is given below:

In the year 1843, a select party of friends were collected in honor of the marriage of a youthful couple belonging to the very best society in Paris. The groom was a celebrated portrait painter, who had for his chosen friends and witnesses two Professors of the French School, Ingress and Paul Delaroche. The lovely bride had selected for her witnesses two intimate friends of her father, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. When the names of the bridal pair had been registered, the clerk turned to the witnesses, and addressing Victor Hugo, asked him his name.

"Hugo."

"How do you spell it?" asked the undecided scribe. "Does it have a 't' at the end?"

The author gave the desired information, and the clerk continued his questioning.

"What is your trade?"

"I have none," replied the amused writer.

"None? Well, I suppose you are able to write,—at least enough to sign your name to this document?"

The affirmative was given amidst shouts of laughter from the highly entertained company.

When Ingress and Delaroche informed the man that they were "painters," he elevated his nose, and viewing them from over his spectacles, asked, disdainfully,—

"House or sign painters?" and became indignant at the noisy amusement of the party, grumbling, "Ill-mannered mob!" as he wrote:

"Nothing but painters."

Dumas received respectful attention when the usual questions were put to him, and evidently rose somewhat above the others in the clerk's estimation, when informed that "Dumas, property-holder," would do for him. This occurred at the time when the fame of these men was at its zenith, and their names were celebrated far and wide in every civilized country abroad, and yet within a few miles of Paris, their own homes, they were neither valued nor known.

GOOD WORDS.

A foreign correspondent of the *Advance* describes the grand railway station in Florence as a splendid building, with marble pavements, lofty columns and brilliant lamps. The correspondent, who is also a colporteur, sketches this interesting scene in the great depot while he waited an hour for the cars one rainy night. It shows how ready the Italians are to welcome good reading.

"So while we sat and read the *Italian News*, or walked up and down the long saloon, the waiters coming to clear away plates and glasses from the little tables, found here and there a small tract lying beside them. In every case the tract was taken.

"So presently the waiters at the bar were reading, and here and there a man or woman had found one on the sofa, and had taken it up. The old man and the woman who kept the book stalls found something new lying among their goods, and they fell to reading.

"A bright-eyed news-boy picked up one from the base of a great pillar, read it, and looked for more. He found another, presently, and read that, and set about detecting the source of this unusual supply of reading. To our surprise he accosted us, as we walked to and fro, and asked for more.

"The old man and the woman came up, perhaps to see if there was any invasion of their rights of sale. The boy explained to them, in his sweet and fluent Italian, which we admired and envied, that these little books told about 'the good Lord Jesus.'

"So he stood beside us and did the talking, while we gave to all who came. There is nothing in beautiful Florence that we shall remember longer than that boy, with his pleasant voice, and his large, soft black eyes. With what a loving, reverent touch he turned over the leaves of the gospel of St. John, which he had never seen till then! And with what grateful looks and words he thanked us!"

WEATHER-TELLING PLANTS.

Herr Hanneman, Inspector of the Botanical Gardens at Proskan, Germany, has observed that several plants may be used as weather prophets. Here are some of his observations:

Convolvulus arvensis, the common English bindweed, and Angallis arvensis, the English pimpernel, spread their leaves at the end of wet weather, while the different species of clover contract them. Stellaria media, the chickweed, at nine o'clock in the morning, if the weather is clear, straightens its flowers, spreads its leaves, and keeps awake until noon; if, however, there is rain prospect, the plant droops, and its flowers do not open. If they open a little, the coming rain will be of short duration. The same with Pimpinella saxafraga. Calendula pluvialis, the marigold, opens between six and seven in the morning, and generally keeps awake until four in the afternoon. In such cases the weather will be steady; if, on the other hand, it has not opened by seven o'clock in the morning, you may that day look for rain. Sonchus arvensis and Olteraccus, the hog-thistles, indicate fine weather for to-morrow if the head of the blossom closes for the night; rain if it remains open. Again: Rain is certain if Harbiscis tronum, the bladder ketmi, does not open its blossoms; if Cardnus acaulis, the stemless thistles, closes; if clover, and most allied kinds, drops its leaves. Also, if Lampsana communis, the nipple wort, does not close its blossoms for the night; if Darby verna, the whitlow grass, let its leaves hang drooping; if Gallium verum swells and exhales strongly; also if birches scent the air. Anemone ranuculoides, the crowfoot anemone, tells the coming rain by closing its blossoms; while Anemone mentaisa carries its flowers erect when the weather is fine, and drooping when overcast.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us,—

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his books, I'll tell.'

"It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

For the Companion.

KING OF CANDY-LAND.

I had such a lovely dream last night!
It was truly so fine and grand!
I thought I was king, all alone by myself,
Of a land called Candy-Land!

I dwelt in the great lemon-cocoanut walls
Of a palace just to my taste;
With its furniture made out of all things nice,
From taffy to jujube paste!

With rarest of candies at every turn,
Obedient slaves would wait,
And my throne was studded with peppermint-drops,
And carved out of chocolate!

And O, 'twas such fun as I wandered through
Those beautiful rooms alone,
To bite off a morsel of sofa or chair,
Or nibble a bit of throne!

HUGH HOWARD.

For the Companion.

BABY NELLY'S ADVENTURE.

Baby Nelly is just two years old. Her hair is short in front, and hangs in airy, golden curls behind, and her eyes are like bits of heaven's own blue.

She is very fond of being out of doors, pulling the flowers that grow in the grass, and digging with her little spade in the garden.

One bright summer morning her mamma was busy in the pantry, and Nelly begged to go out.

The grass was still wet with dew, and Mrs. Russell told Nelly to be sure and keep in the garden walks. Nelly promised, and I really think meant to keep her promise; but two-year-old babies cannot help forgetting when they see bright yellow buttercups and sweet red clover blossoms, and very soon Nelly's little white boots were as wet as the grass itself.

Her mamma seeing her, brought her in and put on some dry shoes and stockings; then she remembered some rubbers that had been left in the house by a cousin a year or two older than Nelly.

They were much too large for baby's little feet, so her mamma tied them on with some white tape, which was conveniently near.

Then Nelly took Polly, a dear old rag-dolly, with one arm broken off at the elbow, and her head half torn from her body, and went out again.

After running races for some time with Polly, who was dragged along by one arm through wet grass and gravel, Nelly seated her plump little self in the strawberry bed, and fed herself and Polly in turn.

As Polly could not open her mouth, Nelly tried at first to squeeze the berries through her lips. Then she tried stuffing them in the broken part of her neck.

Such a looking Polly! And such a looking baby!

Her stockings, her dress, her face and hands, were covered with stains and crushed fruit, and even her hair was dyed with the red juice.

But this gave Nelly no trouble, and she began to run about again.

By-and-by she approached the garden gate that led into the street.

She opened it and looked out.

It seemed very pleasant to her up the long, shady street, and in a minute, holding Polly tight by one shoulder, and dragging her little feet in their clumsy rubbers with the soiled strings, Nelly was making her way up the side-walk.

Soon she came to a great Newfoundland dog, lying at full length across the walk.

She said, "Get up, doggie, *p'ease* get up for baby Nelly." But he did not move, so she went out into the middle of the street.

The farmers were jogging along in their wagons, with butter and eggs; butcher boys and grocer boys were driving at furious speed, but no harm came to baby Nelly.

No one saw her who knew her except one old man, carrying a crowbar, with which the day before he had been prying up some roots in Mr. Russell's yard.

Baby had watched him then, and now she stopped and looked at him.

He came to her, and she held up one foot for him to fasten the rubber which had become loose, but as he tried to take her in his arms to carry her home, she screamed and cried, "No, no! Go 'way! go 'way!" So he put her down, and followed, to take care of her.

By-and-by she came to a hotel where were some stores. In the window of one were some dollies in their wagons, and many other pretty things, which she stopped to look at.

While here, several persons who knew her tried to take her home, but to each one she said, "Go 'way! go 'way! Let alone! let alone!"

Then a lady went to Mr. Russell's office, and told him his little daughter was alone in front of the Columbia House, and would not let any one touch her.

In great astonishment Mr. Russell hastened to the hotel; but before he could get there, Henry Roberts, a young man who had often taken Nelly for a short drive in his wagon, had seen her, and by offering to let her hold the whip, had coaxed her into his lap, and had taken her home.

All this while Mrs. Russell had been in the quiet, cool pantry, making one good thing after another, and had just finished some little men and horses in gingerbread, to please Nelly, when she thought she would look in the garden a minute, to see if her baby were safe.

Just then Henry Roberts drove to the door.

Mrs. Russell had not been anxious, supposing Nelly was in the garden; but when she took her dear little girl in her arms, dusty and stained and happy, and heard where she had been, and thought of the many accidents that might have happened, she laughed and cried and kissed her baby all at once, and she said to herself, "He gave His angels charge concerning thee."

LOUISA GILBERT.

For the Companion.

JOHNNY GRAY'S HEATHEN.

Johnny Gray had been listening to a missionary talk at Sunday school.

"I wish I could go and have a Sunday school with the heathen boys," he said to his mother, patting her cheeks with his little warm hand.

"Why do you wish that?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Mr. Hamilton said that Jesus is pleased when we do what we can to help the heathen; and I would like to please Jesus."

"But there are a great many other ways to please Him. There is a chance every day for a little boy to do something for Him."

"And He will like it just as well as teaching the heathen?"

"Just as well. There are, first, your own faults to correct."

"Getting up when you call me in the morning?"

"That is one thing. Sometimes you disturb yourself and us the whole day by being idle in the morning, and obliging me to punish you."

"And getting my lessons perfectly is another thing?"

"Yes; getting them perfectly and as quickly as possible. I found you yesterday drawing pictures, when you should have been studying your arithmetic lesson. A boy grows a little every day, in mind as well as in body; if he is idle and careless, these bad habits grow, and he gets, every day, worse instead of better. Jesus is pleased with your progress in good habits. He wants you to overcome idleness and disobedience and bad temper. That is a great work for you."

Johnny sat down and began studying with all his might. He soon got interested in his lesson, and was very nearly ready for another.

While he studied, a gentleman called on his mother, and she sent little baby Annie to Johnny.

"P'ay with baby, Donny; p'ay with baby!" repeated the child, over and over.

Johnny paid no attention, till, quite out of patience, Annie went up to her brother, and pulled the table-cover as hard as she could, saying again,—

"P'ay with baby!"

As baby pulled the cloth, Johnny's slate and two or three books fell to the floor.

He turned suddenly, and gave little Annie an angry push. She fell over, and struck her tender forehead on the sharp edge of the slate-frame.

"Good enough for you," muttered Johnny, as baby screamed violently.

But as he took her up he was very much frightened, for there was a gash in the white, soft skin, and the blood was running down her cheek.

Her mother came hurrying into the room, terribly alarmed.

She caught Annie, and washed and dressed the wound, and soothed her to sleep before she asked Johnny to tell her how the baby got hurt.

Johnny told her all about it, not concealing his ill nature, for he was very frank and sincere.

"Ah, my child!" said Mrs. Gray, "I am afraid there is a little heathen boy right here for you to have a Sunday school with; and his name is Johnny Gray."

The tears came to Johnny's eyes, and he looked very sorry and ashamed.

"You see, mother," he said, "I was so busy about my lesson, and I was learning that to please Jesus and you."

"Yes, darling," said the mother, "I understand. But remember, all your life, that you can never please Jesus by being ungentle and unkind, and careless of the wishes of others. A great many older boys than you try to do some great work, and in doing it, forget the rights and feelings of all who are weaker than themselves. Your lesson is important, but baby's needs were more important at that minute; and most important of all was the curbing of the naughty temper that made you push over little Annie."

Johnny has not forgotten this lesson; and he is trying very hard to make a good boy of the little heathen named Johnny Gray.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

For the Companion.

THE CULPRIT.

Little boy Ben, your nose is yellow,
And your chin as brown as the dusty bee,
The lilies have branded the mischievous fellow,
And handed the criminal over to me.

Did you crack all my peony-petals, I wonder?
And try all my buttercups under your chin?
And match, with their necks clinching over and under,
My poor Johnny-jump-ups, to see which would win?

Did you frighten my humming-birds out of the roses?
And cheat my poor mother-bee out of her due?
And make all my lady-moths bump their long noses,
And hurry and scurry for terror of you?

Did you chase my gold butterfly from the sweet clover?
And tie my old bumblebee up in his sleep,
To waken with lily-walls closing him over,
Away from his wife and his children to weep?

No need of confession, my little boy Ben!
And here, at the end, is a moral for you:
Look into the mirror; for boys are like men,
And we read in their faces the deeds that they do.

OPHELIA FORWARD.

For the Companion.

POOR OLD TRUSTY!

This morning, when we opened the door to go out, there lay poor old Trusty on the door-step, dead.

We all felt very sorry to lose him, and I shouldn't wonder if there was a little shiny drop in somebody's eye.

He was a good, noble, faithful old dog.

He certainly had a great deal of patience to bear with the faults and follies of the children who teased him.

If you and I shall be as true in our place as he was in his, we shall do well.

I cannot tell whether good dogs shall ever enter the beautiful land beyond; but I sometimes think that perhaps the children would like them to play with, for we know there are a great many, O, so many children in heaven.

Some people, indeed, believe that those who die in childhood will grow up and become like the tall angels, and there will be no more children's faces in all the bright realm.

But I hope that this may never come true.

If I should be permitted, at last, to gaze upon the beauty of that land, I should be so sorry to miss from among the angel throng the dear faces of the children; and I should be so sorry not to hear, amid the heavenly anthems, the silvery voices of childhood.

But He who made the hearts of children and of men will do all things well.

We can trust His goodness and His love, and can feel assured that if we do our part God will most surely do His part, also.

WM. Q. CUSHING.

Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.

DANIEL IN SEARCH OF A DOG.

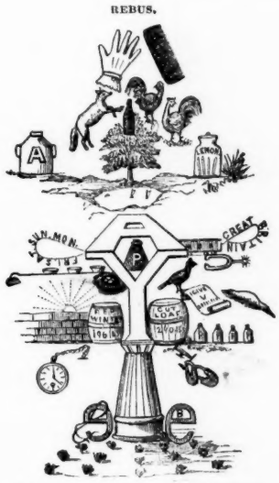
[Fill the fifteen blanks with the names of as many varieties of dogs.]

There was a man, whose name was Daniel,
1. He had a very handsome ——.
He thought he'd change it for a better,
2. So bought, instead, a splendid ——;
Though soon he sold it to a farrier,
3. And tried to buy a well-trained ——;
But found the salesman a deceiver,
4. And took instead a black ——;
And then to make him all the merrier,
5. He purchased a most lively ——;
Then stepped aside and bought an eagle,
6. Yet fancied he should like a ——,
Which undesirable he found,
7. So changed it for a young ——;
Then saw upon a crimson rug,
8. What he declared "A lovely ——!"
He wished to own it, when his eye,
9. Fell on a little dog from ——;
But as he whistled "Yankee Doodle,"
10. Up sprang a very clever ——;
Whilst close beside him there did stand,
11. A huge black-coated ——;
And yet to purchase it was folly,
12. He'd rather have a faithful ——;
Or, though to get one might be hard,
13. He'd like to have a — ——,
Just then a man like an Albanian,
14. Led by a snowy ——.
"But how the little creature snarls!
15. 'Tis snappish as a small — ——.
So many dogs did quite confuse,
And Daniel found it hard to choose;
And quite impossible to find
One that was suited to his mind;
Some were too large and some too small,
And so he'd have no dog at all.

LITTLE FOLKS.

2

REBUS.



A bouquet of twenty cultivated flowers.

LUCIUS GOSS.

3.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A Greek letter. Plural of a fruit. A wild animal. Fetters. A little girl's pet name. A consonant.

J. S.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A famous war term. 2. A German proper name. 3. Polar sea. 4. Mineral substance. 5. A passion. 6. An old garden. 7. A certain club.

The *initials* and *finals* spell the name of a well-known author.

INDIANA.

Conundrums.

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.

What disease do reapers often get on hot days? A *drop-sickle* affection.

When is a horse a victim of the Inquisition? When he is fastened to a rack.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.

Why does the washing come home on Saturday? Because it's the close (clothes) of the week.

At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Michigan, Evansville, Mackinaw, Portsmouth, Havanna, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Massachusetts, Aberystwith, Guardafui, Ophir, Greece. MEMPHRAMAGOG; NEW HAMPSHIRE.

2. Een, ween, between. Eel, heel, wheel. Owl, cowl, scowl. Ass, lass, glass. Ant, cant, scant. Aunt, vaunt, avaunt. Use, muse, amuse.

3. Umbrella, Cord, Bottle, Star, Ray, Crab, Spear, Indian, Musket, Orchard, Finger, Knot, Foxtail, Arrow, Scorpion, Spike, Deer, Bear, Yard, Goose, Cock'sfoot, Feather, Cat'stail, Beard, Ditch.

4. Castanet, cast a net. Tom, a hawk, tomahawk. Hare, Bell, harebell. In complete, in complete.

5. Oxalis, Larkspur, Cowslip, Buttercup, Balsam, Dandelion, Foxglove, Snowball, Smilax, Lichen, Catchfly, Harebell, Yew.

6. "Birds of a feather flock together."

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JAPANESE CLEANLINESS.

The Japanese are famous for bathing. A bath-tub is a necessary article of furniture. It is a curious contrivance, made of wood, with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid covering the top, but having a hole for the head. In these tubs the Japanese delight to sit after a journey, or when the day's work is done, the furnace heating the water to almost boiling point. The extreme heat seems grateful to them, and they can bear it for an hour, when they emerge, looking wonderfully like a boiled lobster.

But while so cleanly in washing the body, they are shockingly careless about their clothes. An English officer, who has spent much time among them, says that the thickly padded garments will be worn without being washed, not for days, nor weeks, nor years, but for generations. The patched and wadded garment covering the body of a small urchin in the street, probably has descended to him from his grandfather, through a succession of uncles and bigger brothers, and it will pass on to a smaller member of the family. The clothes are kept as long as they will hold together. After long patching there may be little of the original outer garment left, but the cotton wadding is the same that for day after day through a winter, and winter after winter through generations, has been worn without once being cleansed.

CAT AND DOG TALES.

Here are some more stories of the sagacity of our domestic pets. A Mississippian has a cat, of which he tells the following story:

I was sick a short time ago, and the cat would come from the table to the bed frequently. She finally caught a mouse and brought it to the bed, laying it down beside me. I threw it off, but as often as I did so the cat would bring it back, until I thought she wanted me to eat it; so I made believe I ate it, and the cat went away, apparently satisfied. And before night, the same day, she brought me a striped squirrel, and each day for the three days I was in bed she broaght game, with the same result; she would never leave until I had pretended to eat it.

A gentleman of Boston has a Spitz dog, which is never allowed in his sleeping-room. A few weeks since his wife was taken suddenly ill, and upon the second day of her sickness the dog made his way into her chamber, jumped on to the bed, gave her an affectionate kiss on her cheek, and then retired to the part of the house allotted to him.

Mr. Herman A. Lang, a florist, residing in Worcester, Mass., has a dog concerning which the *Gazette* tells this story:

It is only a year old, and of the Prince Edward's Island breed, and is the constant companion of Mr. Lang's boy, four years of age. Not long since the boy got possession of a hatchet which he had been forbidden to touch, and went about, hacking things generally, and endangering his own legs. After watching him a short time, the dog approached, took the hatchet away from the boy, carried it into the garden and buried it; and when the child attempted to dig it up, the dog drove him off, and lay down over the buried hatchet, effectually preventing the boy from recovering it.

BRAINERD AMONG THE INDIANS.

The beauty of a good man's life wins many who will not hear or cannot understand his words. The testimony of an aged Indian woman to the character of David Brainerd, some time a missionary to the red races, is very interesting:

"What did your grandmother say about Brainerd?" asked Rev. Mr. Byington.

The Indian woman replied,—

"He was a young man; he was a lovely man; he was a staff to walk with; he went about from house to house to talk about religion; that was his way. He slept on a deer-skin or a bear-skin; he ate his bear-meat and soup; then we knew he was not proud.

"He used to come and say, 'I am hungry; make haste.'

"Then I took down the kettle, and he ate. But some of the people did not like him, and said, 'What has the white man come here for? We don't want him here.'

"When the Indians assembled to dance and have a feast, he would go there, and go away among the bushes and pray for them. And then some of the Indians said, 'We do not want this white man here; let us make away with him.'

"But others said, 'No; we will not kill him.'

"After a while they found he was *an honest man*, and they would do anything he said."

O(DE) TO THE O(CEAN).

An eccentric poet, who calls himself the "London Hermit," appears to have "gone mad on the initials" in a recent publication. Here is one of the "Songs of Singularity" which represents his alliterative mania. He styles it an "Ossianic Outburst in O Natural, by Orpheus Ogden of Orkney." It entirely beats the modest author of the Task, who only O'd "for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Ocean, O, One omnipotent! our own!
O'er oozy outlets ofttimes o'erflowing,
Outbreaking odoriferous ozone,
Ourselves ostensibly obedience owing.

O, often otherwise! Observe, o'erhead,
Opacity obnoxiously obscuring,
Ocean on ocean on our orb o'erspread,
Omnipotent, o'erwhelmingly outpouring.

O, ospreys, otters, oysters, opaline,
Offspring of Ocean's odd organizations,
Own Ogden's odic offsprings outshine
Ovid or Ossian's obsolete orations.

PUGNACIOUS MOCKING-BIRDS.

It seems that mocking-birds can imitate the bad as well as the good. A Texas paper relates the following, showing that our "American nightingale" is not fond of dogs:

On Cochran Steeet, in this city, at the "Law's Place," are several nests of mocking-birds. The old birds fill the air with their varied songs from early dawn till dark. Among the number is a wonderful fighting bird. Its venom and spleen seem to be directed especially against the curs of the neighborhood,—the larger the dog the more vigorous the attack. The bird alights on the back of the dog and screams and picks at the poor dog, who does not seem to understand how to repel such an attack. It is amusing to see how some of the cowardly curs will tuck their tails between their legs and beat a hasty retreat, while some of the more courageous will make an effort to resist by snapping at the bird, which will hover above the dog three or four feet, and the minute he attempts to move the bird pounces on him again,—and the bird always comes off victorious.

FLEEING FROM TEMPTATION.

We may smile at the crude notions of the poor negro in regard to honesty, but really there are many white people whose practice is no better, whatever may be their precepts:

A member of the colored church was the other evening conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths; but the friend said that he was too often tempted, to permit him to become a Christian.

"Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r o' boots,—mighty nice ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand, and de debbil said take 'em. Den a good sperit whispered fur me to let dem boots alone."

"An' you didn't take 'em?"

"No, sah, not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' left dem boots alone!"

FOUND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

Boys are natural investigators. Their search, however, into the mysteries of things, is often more thorough than safe. The Prairie City *Herald* says:

One of the Virginia City boys took a giant-powder cap to school the other day, inspired possibly with the idea that in a place where the young idea was taught how to shoot the cap would not be out of place. During school hours he pulled out his knife and endeavored to find out what the cap was made of, and was eminently successful in the effort. At the first dig of the knife there was a tremendous explosion, and the boy jumped up with two fingers and a thumb gone.

A STONE in the cemetery at Kittery Point, Me., bears the epitaph printed below. The "raging seas" in which Margaret lost her life loses a little of the poetry when it is known that she lost her life in a small creek at Kittery Point:

MARGARET HILLS,
Consort of
OLIVER HILLS,
Died Oct. 31st, 1803,
Æt. 28.

I lost my life *in* the raging seas,
A sov'reign God does as he please:
The Kittery friends they did appear
And my remains they buried here.

SANDY ABROAD.—A worthy Bailie, having paid a visit to Paris, was describing to a select circle of friends the wonders he had seen. While he spoke with enthusiasm of the Louvre, Notre Dame, &c., he declared,—

"What astonished me mair than onything else was to hear the bits o' bairns nae higher than that"—holding his hand about three feet from the floor—"speakin' French wi' as much glibness as bairns twice their size in oor ain country speak their mither tongue."

AN obliging gentleman, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to by a colored man for a certificate of character by which he might get a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and that worthy, on recovering from his astonishment, exclaimed, "Say, Mr. S——, won't you gib me something to do yourself on dat recommendation?"

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting,—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him earnestly with your eyes. It is a charming draught,—a cup of blessing.

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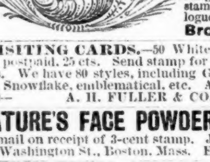

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